

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
RECEIVED
1928

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CAN NOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Vol. 61 No. 11 NOVEMBER, 1928 Price 10 Cents



BACHRACH

IS IT PRAYER OR PENITENCE?

LUMBER of All Kinds



THE A. T. STEARNS LUMBER CO.
Neponset, Boston, Mass.



S. S. PIERCE CANDIES

The highest standard of quality

Telephone Orders Promptly Filled
BAC k Bay 7600

S. S. PIERCE CO

Orders-Inquiries



POLK'S REFERENCE BOOK and Mailing List Catalog

Gives counts and prices on over 3,000 different lines of business. No matter what your business, in this book you will find the number of your prospective customers listed. Valuable information is also given as to how you can use the mails to secure orders and inquiries for your products or services.

Write for Your FREE Copy
R. L. POLK & CO., Detroit, Mich.
Largest City Directory Publishers in the World
Mailing List Compilers—Business Statistics
Producers of Direct Mail Advertising

James Forgie's Sons

17 Merchants Row
Boston, Mass.

Harness and Horse Goods

Notice:—We will mail to any address in New England at cost, 65 cents per pair, attractive cheek pieces for open bridle such as were made by us for the M. S. P. C. A.

Humane Literature and Band of Mercy Supplies

For Sale by the **American Humane Education Society** and the **Massachusetts S. P. C. A.**,
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., at these prices, postpaid.

Humane Calendar for 1929 each, 20 cts.
Two for 35 cts.; six for \$1.00; \$1.80 per dozen.

Our Dumb Animals, June, 1925, to May, 1926, bound in cloth, reduced price each \$1.00

Our Dumb Animals, June, 1926, to December, 1927, bound in cloth each 1.50

Colored Posters, 17 x 28 inches, with attractive pictures and verses, six in the set \$1.00

Be Kind to Animals Blotters, 6 1/2 x 3 1/2 \$0.50 per 100

About the Horse

Don—His Recollections, Willard A. Paul, M.D., 274 pp., illus. cloth, \$1.50

Black Beauty (English), cloth, 45 cents paper, 20 cts.

What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley, \$0.30 per 100

Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 5 cts. each or 5.00 " "

The Horse—Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc.60 " "

Humane Education Leaflet, No. 550 " "

The Horse's Prayer30 " "

The Horse's Point of View in Summer, card 1.00 " "

Advice on Stable Management, card 1.00 " "

The Bell of Atri, poem by Longfellow50 " "

The Folly of the Blinder30 " "

The Care of Mules50 " "

Norie and the Outlaw, story50 " "

About the Dog

Beautiful Joe, new, illus., \$1.50 small, 50 cts.

Distemper in Dogs, Dr. Schneider Free

Rabies vs. Running Fits, Dr. Schneider Free

Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card \$1.00 per 100

The Dog—Its Care in Health and Disease60 " "

Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 450 " "

What the Chained Dog Says50 " "

The Story of Barry30 " "

About the Bird

The Lady of the Robins cloth, 35 cts.

Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2 \$0.50 per 100

How the Birds Help the Farmer50 " "

The Air-gun and the Birds50 " "

The Trial of the Birds, 8 pp. 1.00 " "

About the Cat

The Cat—Its Care in Health and Disease \$0.60 per 100

The Cat in Literature50 " "

Mollie Whitefoot's Vacation50 " "

Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve50 " "

"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 6 cts. per doz. 50 " "

About Other Animals

Prince Rudolf's Quest, Kenniston, 150 pp., boards, \$1.00

The Animal's Magna Charta in Ethnic History and in Ethical Truth, E. P. Buffet paper, 15 cts.

For Pity's Sake, cloth, 35 cts. paper, 15 cts.

Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth, 35 cts. paper, 15 cts.

The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 30 cts. paper, 15 cts.

About Other Animals—Continued

Michael Brother of Jerry, Jack London cloth, 75 cts.

Jack London Club Posters, 22 x 32 inches, one for 15 cts., two for 25 cts., five or more each 10 cts.

What is the Jack London Club? \$0.30 per 100

Foreword from "Michael Brother of Jerry,"30 " "

The Horrors of Trapping50 " "

Why the Toad is so Useful30 " "

How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp. 1.00 " "

Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, Animals50 " "

Humane Education Leaflet, No. 7, Farm Animals50 " "

Ways of Kindness50 " "

Simon Grub's Dream, poem30 " "

"Empty Tin Cans" cards, small or large Free

Humane Education

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" Selections from book by Dallas Lore Sharp, 32 pp. each, 5 cts.

A Great Prophecy, Dr. Rowley Free

The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education, 32 pp., each, 10 cts.

Humane Stamps, in colors \$0.25 per 100

"Be Kind to Animals" Pennants each, 25 cts.

"Be Kind to Animals" Placard each, 3 cts.

Humane Education, a handbook on kindness to Animals, Reynolds cloth, \$1.00

The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, cloth, 35 cts. paper, 15 cts.

Friends and Helpers (selections for school use), Sarah J. Eddy cloth, 96 cts.

Humane Education—for Parents and Teachers, 20 pp. each, 10 cts.

Humane Day Exercises for 1928 \$2.00 per 100

Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals 3.00 " "

Human Nature in Some Pets I've Had, 8 pp. 1.00 " "

"Look at the Birds," sermon by Dr. Jefferson30 " "

Address to Boston Public Schools 2.00 " "

Humane Education, What to Teach and How to Teach It50 " "

God's Dumb Creatures, sermon by Dr. Cadman50 " "

Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty50 " "

Outlines of Study in Humane Education, 8 pp. 1.50 " "

A Talk with the Teacher50 " "

The Coming Education30 " "

A Festival of Tender Mercies50 " "

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles

—Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A. \$1.00 per 100

Buttons—white star on blue ground, with gilt letters and border, one cent each 1.00 " "

Badges, gold finish, large, 10 cts. small, 5 cts.

"Band of Mercy" Pennant 35 cts.

Songs of Happy Life, with Music, S. J. Eddy 50 cts.

Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only) \$3.00 per 100

Band of Mercy Membership Card50 " "

How to Form Bands of Mercy50 " "

Does It Pay, story of one Band of Mercy30 " "

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

If you have not exhibited the Humane Film
THE BELL OF ATRI
in your town, you have missed a golden opportunity to
instill an effective lesson in kindness to animals.

Prints on standard film, including safety,
to rent and for sale by the producers,

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
180 Longwood Avenue
Boston, Mass.

Cuticura Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed
toilet accessories—a most reliable method of
cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair.
25c. each everywhere—Samples free of
"Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.

Established 1859

J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, INC.

Undertakers

BOSTON—BROOKLINE—CAMBRIDGE
City and Out-of-Town Service

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 61

November, 1928

No. 11

The *Christian Science Monitor* observes: When it comes to farm relief, the common garden toad is a hard and willing worker in its small way, and payment in kindness and protection should not be overlooked.

Three million and a half dogs have recently had their day in England. Public meetings have been held, sermons preached, and friends solicited. All this driving deeper and deeper into human consciousness the conviction of the worth to man of this faithful friend and companion.

We could easily harrow up the feelings of our readers month by month by reporting cases of extreme and brutal cruelty to animals. We refrain from this, however, desiring rather to make our magazine minister to a larger and finer humanity than a record of man's baser nature.

The Italian aviator, General Nobile, unconsciously paid himself a great tribute when he said upon leaving for his Arctic voyage, "I have no intention of hunting game. I am opposed to killing animals. I would not have the heart to kill anything. I am hoping for the day when life will be regarded so sacred that nobody will go to war."

A cry, not from Macedonia but from near the place where the great apostle heard the cry, comes to us for money to build a hospital for animals. This is in Syria, where Mr. Himadi, our representative and worker, has awakened such wide-spread interest. Heaven knows there is need enough for one, but who will furnish the means?

Did you ever hear of a Mouse Farm? An English paper, according to *The Animals' Friend*, tells of one in Essex where on a single acre there are 50,000 raised for university and medical schools for cancer research work. One department is known as the Nursery, where 300 mice are born daily. How true that "the best-laid schemes" of these poor mice "gang aft a-gley."

The Shambles and the Laboratory

IS it right to kill animals for food? That the almost universal answer to that question is "Yes," is the testimony of unnumbered centuries, and the blood-stained shambles of nearly every country of the globe. No, we will not say that even this loud and confident "Yes" is evidence that it is right; only that since man was man he has, with relatively few exceptions, thought it right, or else gone on killing without thinking. Probably the vast majority of men and women today, and yesterday, and through uncounted yesterdays, have never given the matter enough thought to cause the least quiver in the gray matter of their brain. Men always have killed. Of course it must be right. What were animals made for if not for the benefit of mankind? Was not their flesh designed to feed us, their skins to warm us, their strength to serve us, their very bodies ours to explore for any secret the discovery of which might help us to take care of our own bodies?

The only people who can sincerely and consistently deny this question are the thoroughgoing vegetarians. And even these conscientious and self-denying people find it almost impossible to be wholly consistent. To find good shoes made without leather, warm and attractive raiment without fur, gloves that meet the requirements of fashion that speak of no creature killed for its skin, to patronize, or own stock in, no corporation inhumanely transporting animals, to sit in no chair covered with what was once the skin of sheep or calf or cow—indeed complete and unquestionable consistency is probably impossible to anyone compelled to live under modern social conditions.

Now let us face this question of vivisection. The defenders of it come back at the meat-eater and wearer of furs, to say nothing of those responsible for the daily killing of millions, yes, probably millions, of fowl, and say, "If you kill for food and comfort, why object to our killing to secure knowledge of how to treat you when you are sick?" How does it bulk, the sufferings endured by the animals killed for food and those endured under the hands of the vivisector? That

100,000,000 four-footed animals are killed annually in this country for food is a conservative estimate from government statistics. The vast majority of these are caught up by a hind leg, have their throats cut and then are left to bleed to death, consciousness lasting from one to three minutes. Horrible as are some of the experiments reported in medical journals where animals unanesthetized are subjected to experiences too pitiful to describe here, and many times where it is all experiment yielding no practical result, and willing to admit that in doubtless the majority of cases an anesthetic is used, we wonder if anyone would dare say that the meat-eaters, the wearers of fur, the users of all the other products that come from animals killed outside the world's laboratories, are not responsible for more suffering than is endured within the experimenters' lecture room or laboratory? Of course, one cruelty has nothing to do with justifying another. The vivisector who comes back at the meat-eater with the charge that he is responsible for more suffering than can be laid at his door, and the meat-eater who charges the vivisector with the pitiless cruelties of the laboratory get nowhere, settle nothing. The meat-eater, however, may well stop and ask himself how far he is justified in view of all the facts in thinking himself as so without sin as to hurl as many stones as he can find at hand.

The cruelties of the slaughter-house and the cruelties of the laboratory are both to be deplored. They both cry to Heaven for redress, but Heaven will only hear the cry as it rings in our ears and bids us do the redressing ourselves.

REMEMBER THE FAIR

Once more we remind our readers that the annual Fair and Hospitality Day of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be held at 180 Longwood Avenue, on Thursday, November 15, 1928. A general invitation is given to all friends of animals to participate in this event. See particulars on page 169.

Anti-Steel-Trap Legislation Coming to Fore

A REVULSION OF FEELING AGAINST TORTURE BY TRAP OF VAST NUMBER OF ANIMALS

The Cost of Furs

KATHARINE LEE BATES

The cost of furs
Is more than money paid
To callous torturers.
The cost of furs
Is that dulled heart of hers
Where mercies fade.
The cost of furs
Is more than money paid.

The cost of furs
Is woman's tenderness.
Trap-agony that blurs
—Oh, cost of furs!—
Wild eyes with long distress
In her no pity stirs.
The cost of furs
Is woman's tenderness.

Animals at Roadside Stands

HENRY CHAS. SUTER, PH.D.

SOME people, because of the promiscuous practice of turning over their litters of puppies to the roadside dog stands, are unaware of the abject suffering that is being caused to such pets. This practice, of course, follows the line of least resistance and creates the possibility of ready disposal of puppies, and probably no concern is manifested in taking account of the usually unspeakable conditions under which they exist prior to their sale at many of these stands.

Here is a case in point. A friend recently purchased a puppy from one of many such places. Shortly after, it began to lose the hair over one eye, through a skin disease of some nature. The purchaser took the puppy back, and by paying a few more dollars was persuaded to exchange it for another. In a few days, however, the new dog developed distemper. So that one was returned. Another additional payment was made by the purchaser, and the total price now amounted to \$60, and this time the customer came away with what was apparently a beautiful and healthy chow puppy, three months old. However, the puppy scratched itself incessantly, and finally in desperation the customer took the dog to a reputable veterinary, and found it was suffering with mange.

The doctor, moreover, told that person that the previous week he had "put to sleep" what was apparently the mother of this dog, who had come from the same kennel and had the mange so badly that she couldn't be cured. He stated that these dog stands by the roadside were a disgrace to the country, and a detriment to the development of dogdom. They were filled with disease, invariably unrecognized immediately by the purchasers. Because of the suffering to the canine creatures, it should be cited as criminal in its nature and action should be taken against such trading accordingly.

Undoubtedly, when the eyes of the people are opened to the terrible conditions into which they subject their innocent puppies, they will investigate such conditions more carefully and will not be willing to dispose of them this way so quickly.



TORTURED FOR HIS FUR—ONE OF A HUNDRED MILLION

Much has been said concerning the cruelty practised upon other animals that are held in captivity at some of these roadside stands, in order to entice trade, and action has been taken to put a stop to such cruel exhibitions, principally because of the conditions in which these animal pets have been kept.

Surely this business of selling puppies at such stands should cease and right speedily, and if people cannot sell their puppies legitimately to the dealers who understand dogs, then it would be better to give them to their friends who would willingly lavish a little love upon them and care for them without any pecuniary advantage accruing therefrom.

Women Will Work to Abolish Trapping

Anti-Steel Trap Committees composed of members of Women's Clubs will exert the greatest influence in mitigating the cruelties and evils of trapping animals for fur. In urging the formation of such the Women's Committee of the Latham Foundation of Oakland, Cal., says:

The trapping industry, which encourages cruelty, is not in accord with present-day American ideals of justice. Millions of agonized living creatures in the wilds are waiting for your help, for in these days of vaunted humanity more wretched creatures are tortured to death in the steel trap than ever before. First and foremost in consideration of this, do not let us forget that in the far north countries wool-lined sheep skins are largely worn because they give greater warmth than furs. Furthermore, beautiful fabrics are now made which resemble real furs and which make up into attractive garments.

Will you let us know if you can form a committee with an executive chairman from members of your club?

What the Anti-Steel-Trap League Proposes to Do

We propose to bring about the passing of a law by all the state and provincial legislatures, making illegal all use of the torturing steel trap and other non-killing devices for taking fur, except by the authorities in the case of vermin.

It is our opinion, after long study, that we should spend all our time, energy and resources on this one measure, as the only one which will accomplish the end which we earnestly seek. In the first place all others are secondary in effectiveness. They are palliatives and not cures. It is, for example, futile to ask for the better enforcement of the existing laws. It is futile to ask women to cease wearing fur, except as a purely propaganda measure, in itself of course, important. It is likewise futile to ask trappers to use the present traps with discretion and humanity. As well ask young children to let candy alone and still leave it within their reach. The only way in which to lessen the quantity of fur worn is to make it more expensive. If the steel trap is abolished, we shall at least know that most fur worn does not come from tortured animals. The only way to stop the use of the steel trap is to make it criminal to use it.

EDWARD BRECK, President,
The Anti-Steel-Trap League

Join the Jack London Club and register your disapproval of cruelty in trained animal acts. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.

For Every Blessing

LOUELLA C. POOLE

FOR all the blessedness that comes
From healthful work and rest and play,
For love, and home, and friendship sweet,
We offer thanks, O Lord, today!

For all the marvels of an age
Replete with wonders that delight
The eye and ear—a magic touch,
And they are ours by day or night!

We thank Thee for the loveliness,
The beauty that around us lies,
Of flowering fields and autumn woods,
Of rosy dawns and starlit skies;

And for the faith still to believe
The day will come when war shall cease,
And that the world's bruised heart still longs
For love and universal peace.

Were You Ever Hungry?

DAVID LEE WHARTON

OF course you have been hungry, many times. Normally, not unpleasantly hungry. Sometimes on a cool day after vigorous exercise in the open air it seemed you could scarcely wait until the regular dinner hour. You visualized the bountiful table, and hoped that for dessert there would be some favorite dainty, and what an assault you launched upon that meal! This is one kind of hunger, but there is another! The hunger which accompanies many homeless animals from the "cradle" to the grave. The hunger which has never been fully satisfied, and probably never will be, in this life, and which could be so easily relieved at any man's door, but so rarely is.

Have you ever been so hungry that you gave up the quest for food and laid indifferently down, half hoping for death? Have you ever been kicked and stoned when you sought a morsel of something in the form of food? Have you ever been so gaunt from hunger that your bones stared upon you?

Have you ever, while suffering the torments of starvation, had a group of humans sit down in your presence and eat—and eat—and eat—and never offer you a mouthful, and when gorged, go nonchalantly upon their several ways with never a blush for their lack of humanity? And were you so amiable by nature that you harbored no resentment, simply regarding them in puzzled wonder?

Did you ever in the extremes of cold and hunger, on a bitter winter day find your way to a large comfortably heated building known to humans as a church, and crouch near its walls in an effort to receive a little of its warmth, possibly manage to get into the vestibule, and when the services were over, have some "higher animal" in a hurry to get home to dinner, trample upon you, and kick you out into the sleet and snow, and did you ever pick yourself humbly and dumbly up and go in search of another warm spot, and another kick?

Did you ever sit in hunger, cold and thirst and watch the race of men go by, realizing that every man, woman and child who passed you, sat down to three square meals each day, and that you, for some unaccountable reason, were not expected to eat?

So when you are hungry, with a pleasant, anticipatory hunger, think for a moment of the other kind, think long and think deeply, then arise and act!

Acres of Education

DALLAS LORE SHARP

WE seem to see better in the dark, not by looking hard at the object but by tacking up to it obliquely, out of the corner of our eye, as a sail-boat handles a wind dead ahead. Stared at directly humane education, like all educational work, often has the blurred, uncertain outlines of an object in the dark. Seen aslant, in some of its remoter, co-operative issues, it takes on definite shape and significance.

Spread on the wall of my study is the new map of the "Existing Open Spaces in Massachusetts," splotted and blocked and dotted in seven different colors, showing the situations and areas of the seven different kinds of Open Spaces in the Commonwealth: the state parks, city and town parks, state forests, city and town forests, water supply lands, lands of state institutions, municipal and semi-public lands such as private parks and bird-sanctuaries, and college and school lands.

There are thirteen different allied organizations represented on the map, beginning with the Appalachian Mountain Club and ending with the Trustees of Public Reservations, including the Federation of New England Bird Clubs, the Massachusetts Audubon Society, the New England Trail Conference, the Massachusetts Forestry Association, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, the Massachusetts Federation of Planning Boards, the Massachusetts Civic League, the Boston Society of Landscape Architects, the New England Wild Flower Preservation Society, and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is not named in this federation for Open Spaces, though it is one in spirit with all these organizations and has had its part in preparing the way for them. Interpreted in the broadest terms, the spirit and purpose of this Open Spaces Movement is utterly humane. How much of a part the long, consistent drive in Massachusetts for humane education has had in the creation of this Open Spaces spirit and the shaping of its purpose no one knows, nor needs to know. That the humane spirit moves and takes shape in these dedicated spaces is enough, for it is a kindred spirit, mighty and manifold. Its societies and associations now plot and divide the state between them, protecting every form of its wild life, every characteristic aspect of its natural scenery, taking over for the sake of the people every available open area, and educating the people to the meaning of such spaces and to their larger and wiser use.

The work is barely started and will never be finished, but how far a cry from the significance of this Open Spaces map back to the mind of 1868, and the negative work of preventing cruelty to animals! What hath education since the times of George T. Angell wrought! I cannot name another field where the results of education have been so great and rewarding, measured in terms of money and men, as in the broad field of humane education, which covers not only kindness to domestic animals, but the same mind toward wild life and the positive love of nature.

Standing for years almost alone, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. now has this phalanx of kindred-spirit organizations marching with

it from the Province Lands at the tip of Cape Cod to the great Forest Reservation on Greylock in the northwest corner of the Commonwealth. Fighting against cruelty it has now been joined by these federated societies in the spreading of knowledge and joy and love—a



Photo from Kilroy Harris

HORNS IN THE VELVET

new relation between men and animals, and plants, and lakes and mountains, and all the shapes and faces and spirits of nature.

From a Band-of-Mercy Kindergarten in 1868 humane education in Massachusetts has grown into a vast University of Nature-Loving Colleges, whose aim is to take over for the people, and to preserve for the future, every possible form of wild life, every possible wild area, and to endow every city, town and village, and every public highway with every possible shape and scene of beauty. Nothing cruel can have a place in the educational program. Nothing ugly, nothing to cause a timid rabbit to leap from his form afraid.

This is no longer a dream. Hunting and trapping still go on, and doubtless will go on, but not in these Open Spaces. They are sacred to life, dedicated to liberty, equality and fraternity between man and nature. More than that, they are educational centers, spreading the knowledge of this better mind toward nature far beyond their narrow borders.

I am much in the woods. I know the mind of the trapper, the hunter and the farmer. But they have a changed, and a better mind toward wild life, and one that is constantly growing better. If not in a new Heaven, I certainly live in a new outdoor world from that into which I was born. See this Open Spaces map of Massachusetts with its dots

and blocks and splotches in their seven significant colors. They are the seven seals of a New Book of the Covenant between man and nature, revealing to us the seven spirits of a new love for the earth in which we live. They are the seven lighted candlesticks in a New Nature Sanctuary which we are building to all life, not only within the boundaries of Massachusetts, but throughout the wide country.

At present on this map of Open Spaces there are eleven state reservations, twenty-four semi-public areas, and forty-four state forests. On September 15 of this year I attended the opening of the new Hyde Wild-Life Sanctuary in Cohasset, which makes another to be added to the twenty-four semi-public areas. This tract, which contains a magnificent stand of old-growth white pines, perhaps the oldest, tallest, most beautiful piece of white pine forest anywhere near Boston, has been given by the Hydes to the New England Federation of Bird Clubs and turned over to the custody of the South Shore Nature Club, and is open to the public.

The passing motorist may stop beneath the solemn, towering trees to eat his lunch. The school children round about may come with their teachers and following the nature trails, learn the looks and the names of wild things and get deep into the furtive, shadowed soul of the woods. And the nature lover, undisturbed by guns, may carry on his studies and saunterings without alarm or giving alarm.

The careless will come. Those who pluck and break and kill will enter; but they cannot enter without warning, nor hurt without feeling the protest of every frowning pine. The very existence of such a sanctuary is an education in humaneness. The spirit of the dedicated place breathes protection. Let the schools instruct. Let the churches preach. Let the societies spread their propaganda. And along with all this let more and more Open Spaces be dedicated to Life and Wildness and Beauty, wherein every bush is a Burning Bush and all the ground is Holy Ground.

Woman (talking over telephone)—Will you please send up a bale of hay?
Dealer—Who's it for?
Woman—The horse.

PROFESSOR (after lecture)—Are there any questions?

FRESHMAN—Yes, sir. How do you calculate the horse-power in a donkey engine?

How European Nations are Protecting Their Animals

CARLETON CLEVELAND

EDUCATION and legal restrictions are the two great factors in bringing about humaneness among the peoples of any country. The work that the various European humane societies have been doing in recent years is bearing good fruit.

After years of diligent effort the Anti-Cart Dog League, in Holland, has succeeded in getting substantial changes made in the "Cart Dog Act" of 1910. Hereafter there will be annual examinations to ascertain if the dogs used for pulling carts are of the required size, strength, and breed, as stipulated by the law for this class of work; and under no circumstances is a human being allowed to sit upon a cart drawn by a dog.

In Germany there are some 340 societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the oldest being the Deutsche Tierschutz Verein (German Society for the Protection of Animals), which was founded in 1841. Through the activities of these various organizations much has been done to improve the laws of Germany in protecting animals against cruelty. One difficulty occurs, however, in the fact that children are exempt from the anti-cruelty laws. An effort is therefore being made to place the responsibility for any acts of cruelty on the part of a child upon the parent or guardian of that child.

In Poland inspectors from the Animal Protection Society are authorized to arrest persons in cases of cruelty to animals, and officiate in police courts. Propaganda is spread among the working classes and the peasants, showing them their duty toward all dumb animals. Aside from this the societies are doing excellent educational work among school children. In this new Republic, vivisection is permitted only by special license, and has been completely abolished as a part of the instruction program in educational institutions.

Among the stringent laws protecting the animals in Sweden there is one forbidding the showing of animals in menageries. An effort is now being made to have this statute amended so as to cover animals shown in circuses. The Swedish Association for Animal Protection has done much toward stimulating a love for the migratory birds among the school

children, with the result that many beautiful feeding shelves and bird-houses have been erected throughout the country. School children are also urged to put out sheaves of grain during the snow-bound season as food for the visiting migrants.

Italy is not alone in prohibiting the blinding of birds to make them sing. In Belgium the blinding of bullfinches has been forbidden. These birds were blinded in the belief that the blind birds were much better singers.

Cock-fighting, too, has become a forbidden pastime in Belgium. As in Holland, the cart-dogs of Belgium have received some attention, thanks to the untiring diligence of the Société protectrice des animaux—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In Belgium the milkmen's carts are drawn by dogs. These carts were often stationed at some particular place for considerable periods of time, the dogs often being obliged to lie down in water or even mud. Now the owners of cart-dogs supply a piece of sacking or an old rug for the resting dog to lie upon.

The Wiener Schutz Verein and the Deitch-Oesterreicher Schutz Verein, the two principal animal protection societies of Austria, have been exceedingly active since the close of the World War. Both societies are rigidly opposed to vivisection, and are as one in the stand that alcoholism is, in a large measure, responsible for cruelty to animals. In this connection an old Austrian adage is very interesting, appropriate, and timely.—"Tiere schützen heisst Menschen nützen," that is to say, "Man profits from right treatment of animals."

Great Britain, since the organization of the Royal S. P. C. A. in 1824, has always been active in the animal protection movement. One of the societies of France has arranged for the regular visit of inspectors to those places where horses are used and to see that the animals receive proper and humane treatment. In England, on the other hand, the Animal Defense and Anti-Vivisection Society has long been active in an effort to suppress the fur trade because of the great cruelty involved in the trapping of fur-bearing animals. Among some recent exhibits the Society showed a number of garments made from imi-



IN THE SANITARY SERVICE, FRANCE



MILK VENDOR IN HOLLAND

tation fur. The specimens were delicate and beautiful and difficult to distinguish from real fur. In England there is also being staged a vigorous stand against "the chase" and so-called sports involving the hunting and death of animals.

In Spain a similar antagonism is being brought to bear against the bull-fight, so popular as a sport in that country. The League of Mercy, with the aid of the Government, has succeeded in forcing the protection of all horses used in the bull-ring. Through the use of a leather cuirass the casualties among the horses have been reduced seventy-five per cent.—an achievement well worth struggling for.

My Best Friend

G. B. DOOLEY

MY truest and best friend is my dog. When my last penny is gone, and hunger and want stare me in the face, when my last human earthly friend has turned his back on me and my credit is all gone, that faithful beast will be true to the end. He will share my sorrow and rejoice with me in success. What a heart of love and gratitude he carries under his shaggy skin! He does not pretend to be a human by being a friend to my face and a foe behind my back. He's proud to be called a dog, even if God did give him the instinct of a human.

He guards my interests as he would his own, and is satisfied with only a bone. On the cold hard ground he'll make his bed, though the bleak north wind may blow. Between his paws he will lay his head, and guard me against each foe; he will not pretend to be my friend, while looking me in the face, then behind my back his affections lack, and leave when I'm in disgrace. He's only a dog but is true as steel, on his love I can depend; he's at my heel with a fair, square deal, and will stick to me to the end. When misfortunes frown he won't turn me down, even though I am old and poor; through my trouble and care he will always be there, and ready to lick each sore.

You can't fool a dog. He does not judge the hearts of men by their outside appearance, for with his animal instinct he is able to read the souls of men, and he can see further and hear more than any living human. His eyes, ears and tail are his only means of expression. He says, "Good morning" with his ears and eyes, and his "Thank you" with his tail. A little pat on the head will bring more gratitude from a dog than a gold mine would from a human; and he'll express more love and gratitude in one wag of his tail than any human can with his mouth. He sleeps with one eye and uses the other one to guard his master, and all the honor and glory he asks is to stay by his master's side. A harsh word will relax the tension of his ears and tail, and one kind word will start the dog machinery of forgiveness in operation. When the world is too busy or too selfish to sympathize with me in my affliction, my dog will sit by my side with his nose on my knee and look up into my eyes as much as to say, "Old Pal, I'm sorry I can't be more than a dog to you, but I'll be right here to answer your call in anything a dog can do."

Seventeen years as a helpless shut-in puts me in the position of knowing that there is only about one out of each thousand who is almost equal to my dog. This may seem like a jolt in the way of an apology, but the majority of the world will bear me out in putting the honor where it belongs.

The Dog Cemetery at Clichy Near Paris

WILLIAM THOMPSON

Photograph by the Author

THERE is a little island near Paris which is an oasis of verdure encroaching on the bridge of Clichy, a bouquet of trees in the midst of the Seine, in the center of that industrial suburb. This island is haunted by the ghosts of those who were in their lifetime the modest friends of men. It is the cemetery of dogs.

There was a radiant sun when we visited this necropolis in miniature. Spring sang its song of life, but as soon as we passed through the gateway from each side of which a puppy in stone watched over his brothers reposing under the soil, a melancholy feeling shrouded us. No one smiled at the thought of these inanimate sentinels guarding the creatures who were to us only mute figures in our existence—a memory, an affection, a posthumous tenderness.

Those who are capable of such a sentiment cast reproach upon those among us who reward with ingratitude the fidelity of our four-footed companions, whose eyes and vocal tail speak so eloquently when thanking us for a caress, and who are so quick to interpret our moods.

Beloved dogs! You merit well the little tombs which have been erected to your memory, and which resemble ours so much. Some of these memorials are covered by an overgrowth of moss and flowers. Others are carefully tended like those of "Marquise and Tony" erected by the Princess Lobanof, or that of "dear Didi" whom his masters "will always regret and will never replace." Most of the tombs are adorned with flowers tended with devotional care. Sometimes under the same stone sleep many pets, and one may read on the slab their names: Athos, Medor, Moussa—with the dates of their birth and death. Although they have not had a civil state, they have had, on this earth, their personality.

Many monuments are embellished with photographs which draw from the passerby a sympathetic comment. The inscriptions which are carved on many of the gravestones have a pathetic appeal to lovers of pets. We have gleaned a few at hazard:—

"We will never forget the faithful dog who loved us. He was a witness of our joys and a consolation in our sorrow."

"To our dear 'Poussa' who was always so sweet, so good, and so faithful to us, and whom we will never forget. She was the inspiration of our life."

"Here under the earth repose
My cats, Kiki and
Pompon,
For these dear little
creatures
This inscription carries a loving memory."

"Two turtle doves,
Popo and Nono, for

many years the loving companions of their young mistress, Mlle. D."

"Dora, my dear, you who were so good, so beautiful, the sole companion of my days of solitude, dead at seven years of age, I weep for you."

"Eternally I will regret you, dear little beloved urchin. How empty will be my life, without you. Adieu, my little wow-wow, Tiny."

"Dear little companion of hours of sadness, And minutes of gladness,
If death from my love takes you away,
In my heart your memory will always stay."

The sentiment expressed by Pascal: "The more I see of man, the more I love my dog," is apropos.

There are in this original necropolis of the Parisian suburb two monuments most eloquent. The first was raised by subscription to dog life-savers of the Police Department; the other, to "Barry," the Saint Bernard who saved forty lives and who lost his own in attempting to rescue the forty-first person.

Among dogs as also among men, there have been many heroes.

A Little Prayer

ANNIE STORR

FATHER of every living thing
In ocean deep, on earth so fair,
Of every bird on soaring wing
And myriad creatures of the air;

Give us, we pray, the willing mind
Our wondrous world to understand,
We would be merciful and kind
To bird and beast in every land.

As to Thy creatures care we give
One thing we know will surely be,
Nearer to Heaven we all shall live
And all more truly worship Thee.



TOMBSTONES OF "MARQUISE" AND "TONY" WHICH BELONGED TO THE PRINCESS LOBANOF IN THE DOG CEMETERY AT CLICHY

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1928

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Human and Humane

ALAS that the... two words are not synonymous! To the difference between them Professor Russell, Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory, Princeton University, in his Yale Lectures on "Fate and Freedom" calls attention when he says, "The human species, from the geological point of view, is extremely recent. Creatures who could be called human at all have probably existed, at most for less than one of the thousand or so millions of years during which life has tenanted the earth. When it comes to those qualities which make the race humane—even imperfectly—we find evidence of notable progress, not merely in the few thousands of years covered by recorded history, but even within the last few centuries."

We are not competent to express an opinion as to the number of millions of years "creatures who could be called human at all have existed," but we do know that vast multitudes of these creatures are still most "imperfectly" humane. Still Professor Russell's words give us ground for hope that after a few more millenniums to be human will also be to be humane.

A Generous Compliment

Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor and publisher of the *National Magazine*, entirely without any solicitation on our part or even suggestion from us, has devoted four full pages in the October issue of his magazine to the story of the work of our two Societies and the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. The article is illustrated with several photographs for which he asked us of our hospital and headquarters, two or three scenes at our Rest Farm, and one of the Societies' president, together with his beautiful pure-bred Arabian saddle mare and her colt. A copy of the *National Magazine* containing Mr. Chapple's carefully prepared story can be had for twenty-five cents by addressing us at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, or the Chapple Publishing Company, Limited, 952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston. The whole article is an eloquent appeal under the title "A Plea for Your Favorite Animal" by this well-known speaker and author for a deeper interest in the work we are doing and the educational value of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

What About the Pigeon?

WHATEVER may be said about the educational value of the pigeon as it is seen in our squares and streets, awakening in children interest in animals and affection for them, no one familiar with the situation can shut his eyes to the damage it does to public buildings, to monuments and other structures where it roosts, builds nests and congregates. In a number of places in Europe war has been declared against it. Even in St. Mark's Square in Venice, where it has long been regarded, especially by tourists, as an attraction, the defilement of St. Mark's and the Campanile, for which it is responsible, we learn from *La Protection des Animaux*, demands its destruction. It is certainly a bird with no regard for the rights of property or with such cleanly habits as to make it a favorite around a private dwelling. The front of the Boston Court House is a standing witness to the accumulation of filth that the pigeon can account for and the defacement of public property.

We appreciate the pleasure that scores of people daily find in Boston and other cities in feeding the pigeons, and the enjoyment the children get in scattering food for them, still we are confident from reports that come to us that more and more they are being regarded by humane and animal-loving people as a positive nuisance that sooner or later must be given serious attention.

Good News

Our Animals, magazine of the San Francisco S. P. C. A., tells us that—

The California Anti-Rodeo Cruelty Association has succeeded in getting an initiative measure against the cruelties of the rodeo on the ballot to be voted next November. Something like 90,000 names were needed on petitions in order to gain this end. Thirty thousand more names than necessary were obtained.

Briefly, the proposed law would put an end to such inquisitorial tortures to horses and cattle as bull-dogging, bull-riding and dodging, stunts with wild or unbroken cattle and horses who become terrified at the unusual conditions and surroundings. It would abolish inquisitorial instruments of torture such as pincers, twisters, dagger-pointed spurs, electric prods and straps designed to truss up and worry and annoy an animal until it becomes frantic, and the internal or external use of liquid irritants applied for the purpose of inspiring the animal.

Every legitimate event that does not call for entertainment at the expense of suffering on the part of the animals may go on as usual.

Notwithstanding this, the promoters of these rodeos and the interests behind them are deliberately going out of their way to cloud the issue and make it appear that the proposed law would legislate the entire rodeo out of existence. The tactics are unfair and unsportsmanlike but it is hardly expected that "good sports" will be found among that ilk of men who are ready and anxious to turn the agonies of animals into gold.

Here's hoping California will put this measure through.

Our friends, especially the women, though the men are also welcome, can render us real aid by attending the Fair of the Auxiliary in the Society's building, November 15.

The Torturing Tin Can

THE "Empty Tin Cans" campaign which we are conducting by the use of both large and small cards, is justified by such experiences as the following, which are related by Mr. F. H. Sidney of Medford, Mass.

Dr. Alfred F. Staeger of the Little Building, Boston, early one morning saw a skunk with a salmon can on its head, walking round and round his camp at Squantum, Mass. The animal, when he scented the doctor's presence, walked up to him. Dr. Staeger picked up the skunk, and handed it to his son Billy. The boy held it in his arms, while Dr. Staeger patiently worked the can off the skunk's head. Making sure there were no serious wounds on its head, Dr. Staeger then turned it loose, and the little animal trotted off contentedly.

Only a few weeks ago, in Keene, N. H., Agent Jennie B. Powers of the Cheshire County Humane Society, was obliged to shoot a skunk because it was impossible to extricate the animal's head from a tin can.

It is usually cats or dogs that suffer in this way. Empty tin cans should always be pounded flat before being thrown out. Send for free copies of illustrated cards calling attention to this need, to The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Made Famous by the Dog

How many people would have heard of Senator Vest had he not in a certain trial delivered his Eulogy on the Dog? His name will go down to posterity chiefly because of that striking tribute to man's faithful four-footed friend. Recently the editor of a California newspaper asked through its columns for information concerning Senator Vest's Eulogy of the Dog. Two days later he had received forty-nine replies either enclosing copies or telling him where he could obtain it. Should any of our readers be unfamiliar with this Eulogy, we shall be glad to send a copy without charge upon request.

For the Poor Dogs of Tokyo

A communication from Tokyo, Japan, describes the deplorable condition of the dogs in the Tokyo pounds in language which is too sickening for us to reproduce here. It seems the authorities do not welcome the suggestions of the Japan Humane Society to ameliorate this situation. Hence the organization of the Pochi Club which hopes to build a model dog hospital and shelter in Tokyo. This purports to be conducted by dogs for dogs. "Pochi" meaning "Fido." The scheme is for persons to join in the name of some pet. The annual fee is one dollar, and the price of a badge fifteen cents. Those wishing to help should communicate direct with the treasurer, Jules Raymond, 6 Reinanzaka, Akasa-ka-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Pleased With Our Hospital

From a member of a prominent law firm in Boston, recently, came this letter to the treasurer of the Angell Memorial Hospital:

Enclosed please find check for \$7 in payment of care of my dog, "Chinkee." I have never paid a bill with so much gratitude and satisfaction to myself as this one.

I am sure that your institution is serving a purpose which commends itself to every lover of animals.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*
CHARLES G. BANCROFT, *Director of the First National Bank of Boston*
CHARLES E. ROGERSON, *President of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company*

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Regent 6100
L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Herman N. Dean*
HARVEY R. FULLER, *Fred T. Vickers*
WALTER B. POPE, *Harold G. Andrews*
DAVID A. BOLTON, *Howard Willard*

County Prosecuting Officers

HARVEY R. FULLER, *Boston*
Middlesex, Norfolk and Plymouth
CHARLES F. CLARK, *Lyinn*, *Eastern Essex*
WILLIAM ENOS, *Methuen*, *Western Essex*
THEODORE W. PEARSON, *Springfield*
Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin
ROBERT L. DYSON, *Worcester*, *Worcester*
Bristol
WILLIAM H. LYNG, *New Bedford*, *Barnstable*
WINFIELD E. DUNHAM, *Attleboro*, *Dukes*
EDWIN D. MOODY, *Pittsfield*, *Berkshire*

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN LEVINSTEIN, *Pres.*; MRS. WM. McDONALD, *First Vice-Pres.*; MRS. E. L. KLAHRE, *Second Vice-Pres.*; MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, *Treas.*; MISS HELEN W. POTTER, *Rec. Sec.*; MISS A. P. EATON, *Cor. Sec.*; MRS. A. P. FISHER, *Chair. Work Committee.*

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	11,701
Cases investigated	751
Animals examined	5,517
Number of prosecutions	15
Number of convictions	15
Horses taken from work	83
Horses humanely put to sleep	77
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,092
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	42,031
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	63

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Emma J. Valentine of Cambridge.

October 9, 1928.

The Be Kind to Animals Anniversary will be observed next year, April 15 to 20, with Humane Sunday, April 14.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*
FREE Dispensary for Animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 671	Cases 1,917
Dogs 471	Dogs 1,528
Cats 180	Cats 362
Horses 10	Birds 18
Birds 5	Horses 4
Monkeys 3	Monkeys 4
Goat 1	Rabbit 1
Ferret 1	
Operations 493	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 75,584	
Free Dispensary Cases 140,202	
Total 215,786	

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in September

For inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon a horse, \$10 fine.
Selling a horse unfit for labor, \$35 fine.
Driving galled horse, \$15 fine.
Permitting galled horse to be used, owner was fined \$15.
Working horse unfit for labor, defendant guilty, case continued six months for disposition.
Driving galled horse, \$25 fine.
Beating horse, \$15 fine.
Selling horse unfit for labor, \$25 fine.
Driving galled horse, \$15 fine.
Non-feeding horse and leaving him to suffer, \$25 fine on each count.
Working galled horse, \$25 fine, probation six months.
Driving horse with sore under breastplate, guilty, case filed.
Subjecting two horses to unnecessary cruelty and authorizing same to be worked after having been condemned, \$25 fine.
Beating horse, \$10 fine.
Selling horse unfit for labor, convicted, suspended sentence of three months in House of Correction given defendant for previous similar offence was revoked and he was committed to jail.

Horses Watered in Boston

The total number of horses watered at hydrant stations on the streets of Boston by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. during the summer of 1928 was 38,756. The season, which opened late in June, closed September 15.

A horse needs three good meals daily. However, over holidays and Sundays, and at other times when not working, his grain should be greatly reduced, otherwise serious, if not fatal, illness will result. A warm bran mash Saturday nights is excellent.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

Auxiliary Fair, November 15

S. P. C. A. Women Extend General Invitation to Hospitality Day

EVERYBODY is invited by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. to their Hospitality Day and Fair for the benefit of the Society, to be held from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., Thursday, November 15, 1928, at the Society's headquarters, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

The various tables will be in charge of experienced committees, of which the chairmen are: Utility, Mrs. H. F. Woodward; candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley; white elephant, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher; children's, Mrs. F. A. Morrill; and food, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball.

There will be a bridge tournament in charge of Mrs. H. E. Prescott, café luncheon and afternoon tea under the direction of Mrs. Edith Washburn Levinstein, president of the Auxiliary, a "grab" and numerous other interesting attractions.

Do not miss this big day in behalf of animal welfare. Come early, stay late, bring a well-filled purse, but come!

Contributions of funds or articles for the sales tables will be highly appreciated and will be officially acknowledged if sent at once to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, Women's Auxiliary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, at once.

No More Horses Now?

But what does the S. P. C. A. have to do, now that there are no more horses?

This is a question sometimes asked, by the unthinking, of course. To be sure there are less work-horses than before the day of the truck, especially upon our city streets. But enough remain, in addition to all the other animals to be looked after, to keep the officers of a state-wide Society busy, investigating complaints, reprimanding offenders, and conducting court prosecutions. It is rather significant, with all the different animals that have been the victims of cruelty with which the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has had to deal in its many years of activity, that of the fifteen prosecutions conducted by the Society throughout the state in September, each resulting in a conviction, every one involved some form of cruelty to a horse. That, in a state so populous as Massachusetts, there should be but fifteen such cases in thirty days, is encouraging. That there should be no cases whatever of cruelty to other forms of animal life, warranting court action, is still more encouraging. But we have a long way to go yet.

The Growth of Humanitarianism

The modern clemency towards animals, whether in its virtue or its excess, is a product of the whole modern movement of sympathy and sensibility that has produced certain forms of philanthropy or milder forms of punishment. In so far as that movement of humanity has any recent origin, it comes from Rousseau, and the Revolution, which came before the Victorian science of Dean Inge had really got to work at all. But the movement that has made us more gentle with animals has also made some of us more generous with men, in the matter of work and wages and is undoubtedly responsible for the rise of the claims of labor.

G. K. CHESTERTON



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds
JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company
CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Director of the First National Bank of Boston
CHARLES E. ROGERSON, President of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Humane Press Bureau
Mrs. May L. Hall, Secretary

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff.....Australia
D. D. Fitch.....British West Indies
Nicasio Zulaica C.....Chile
F. W. Dieterich.....China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder.....Cuba
Anthony Schmidt.....Czecho-Slovakia
Luis Pareja Cornejo.....Ecuador
William B. Allison.....Guatemala
Leonard T. Hawksley.....Italy
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé.....Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton.....Madeira
J. A. Forbes.....New Zealand
Luther Parker.....Philippine Islands
Joaquin Juliá.....Spain
Rida Himadi.....Lebanon and Syria
Mrs. Alice W. Manning.....Turkey

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Animal Conference at Vienna

AN International Congress of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been called by the Vienna S. P. C. A., to convene in that city from May 12 to May 17, 1929. Its object is announced to be "to call the attention of governments and of public opinion everywhere to the importance of the movement in favor of the protection of animals and the need for the consideration of protective measures by the legislative and administrative authorities." Reductions in the price of the trip to Vienna, of accommodations while there, and of sightseeing and excursions, have been obtained by the Vienna Society. Those interested should send for full particulars to the Vienna S. P. C. A., Vienna 1, Schulhof 6, Austria.

Humane Education in Near East

Progressive Campaign Headed by Mr. Rida Himadi Holds Great Promise for Future

ON one of the principal streets of Beirut, Syria, in the second story of a hotel, is located the Lebanon S. P. C. A. Here in a small office some half a dozen native young men hold meetings and discuss problems relating to the welfare and success of the new organization.

Since last April, when the society was launched, its governing rules adopted, and its aims and operation officially ratified, this small coterie of humane leaders has been carrying on with a zeal and enthusiasm that deserves the highest praise and encouragement. Mr. Rida Himadi is the chairman of this group. He has already come to be well-known to the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* through references to his work in its columns. Mr. Himadi has been in the employ of the American Humane Education Society of Boston and about two years ago was made a foreign corresponding representative of it for Lebanon and Syria. He has kept it well informed of the conditions prevailing in his country, of the obstacles to be overcome and of the progress that has been made. It is, therefore, meet that some further account of the spreading of humane activity in this Levantine State should be made, coming, as it does, substantially from typewritten details by Mr. Himadi himself.

"Without a penny to start our work," he writes, "we decided to hold a cinema night in aid of the S. P. C. A., and at once a mountain of difficulty arose against the distribution of tickets among our native population, so unaccustomed are they to such a movement as we were undertaking. By dint of such personal help as we could enlist, which included native American and English individuals, we presented a program in one of the theaters of Beirut. Three lectures in Arabic, French and English about the history of the humane movement and what it promised for the future, were delivered. All nationalities were represented. Our effort was a two-fold success. It acquainted many with the propaganda of our Society and netted us a small fund sufficient to meet preliminary expenses. Our committee has stressed, during the few months of its existence, the most important needs. One inspector, with pay of twenty Syrian pounds per month, has been assigned to duty, besides honorary ones scattered in and around Beirut. These inspectors are requested to stop overloading, jerking the reins, using needles, whipping, using thin iron bits in the mouths of animals, and to prepare forms of interrogation for the police towards those who work wounded, weak and unfit animals. I found during the month of June that the work was running smoothly and that we were receiving co-operation from the policemen and gendarmes. Hundreds of whips, whip-lashes, needles and mouth-bits have been confiscated and are now piled up in our office. As our funds are increasing, we have decided to open a small dispensary in the suburbs of Beirut, so that our inspectors can take animals to a suitable place for treatment and rest. A special doctor of the municipality has agreed with us to devote two hours a day to this dispensary work. Not only will these measures for animal relief be taken in Beirut, but also outside when we are accredited to the Minister of the Interior, chiefs of police and other

officials. Cards of membership in the Society have been printed and we are about to seek subscriptions.

"As has been reported, hundreds of Bands of Mercy have been organized in the schools. The project appeals to all grades and classes without distinction as to sect or religion.



RIDA HIMADI OF BEIRUT, SYRIA

The past year has been a banner year in the humane history of Syria and the Lebanon. Many of the Bands of Mercy in the schools have celebrated their anniversaries and I have been called to speak to some of them. At one of these occasions in the national college of Schwiefat, where three societies of three different schools were assembled, I delivered an address on the subject: 'What are the Results of Humane Education?' It was well received, and at this meeting fifteen Angell prize medals were awarded to girls and boys who were active in their organizations. The committee in Beirut accompanied me to this big anniversary and we were shown great respect by the director of the college, who also delivered a speech on 'Humane Education.'

Mr. Himadi has been given cordial entrée to the schools in which his principal activities have been directed. He is also receiving fine co-operation from the civil authorities. With the limited funds at his command he has established a good basis for the extension of humane education in the Near East. He has faith and hope that many persons of good will and sympathy, interested in the work of the Lebanon society, will extend to it moral and financial support.

New Humane Calendar

The calendar for 1929 is one of the hand-somest the American Humane Education Society has ever published. The picture, by the well-known Osborne Company, is in four colors, showing a child with three dogs. The leaves of the pad, one for each month, contain the usual valuable humane hints on the care of animals and are especially adapted to school use. The price is only 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, postpaid to any address. The calendars are now ready for delivery.

Societies and others who wish a special edition of the calendar, with their own imprint, should send orders immediately, with complete copy plainly written.

Trust Fund Now \$1,320

THE trust fund being collected by the American Humane Education Society for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education, now amounts to \$1,320. It is our purpose to raise a substantial sum, to which contributions are earnestly solicited, for the relief of those who, incapacitated by advancing age or ill health from continuing humane work, may be in need of financial assistance. Gifts already received are:

"Humanitarian"	\$1,000
A friend	50
A subscriber	150
A lover of animals	10
Constant reader	100
A friend	10

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for this Fund.

Mark Twain and the Collection

"The pastor was the most eloquent orator I ever listened to," said Mark Twain at one time after services. "He painted the benighted condition of the heathen so clearly that my deepest compassion was aroused and I resolved to break a life-long habit and contribute a dollar to teach the gospel. As the speaker continued, I decided to give \$5, and then \$10. Finally, I knew it would be my duty to give all the cash I had with me—\$20. The pleadings of the orator wrought upon me still further and I decided to borrow \$20 from my friend in the next pew and give that also. That was the time to take up the collection."

"However, the speaker proceeded and I gradually lost interest and dropped off into a sweet slumber. When the usher woke me up by prodding me in the ribs with the collection plate, I not only refused to contribute, but am ashamed to state I stole 15 cents from the plate."

In Far Off Korea

THE picture shows us what the local Boy Scouts of Seoul, Korea, are doing at various places in the city where traffic is heaviest. Providing the animals with fresh water, sometimes with forage, and even administering first aid in cases of necessity, are among the services rendered. The inspector is also seen treating a sore back. Against many odds and with small financial resources this fine work is being done in Korea by a few devoted and self-sacrificing souls. Money is greatly needed. We are always glad to send to such struggling organizations any contributions given us for them. On "Love Animals Day" the *Seoul Press* says, "Almost every cart drawn by a horse flew a banner with these words inscribed on it." To Mrs. T. Hobbs and Mrs. Kaino all praise should be given for the time and labor they have given to this cause in Korea.



INSPECTOR TREATING HORSE IN SEOUL, KOREA

My Experience with Toads

FREDERICK M. WHITE

IF insects are ravishing your garden, go out on a toad hunting trip. Bring home two or three; encourage them to remain with you and your insect troubles will be ended.

The toad, it is true, is a type of ugliness. He certainly is decidedly repulsive, but for all that he is capable of a direct and distinct service to man by destroying insects that kill or partially destroy plants.

In our garden we had hundreds of small plants—flowers and vegetables. Among them the choicest of carnations, small plants. Every morning we found several of these, as well as other plants, cut down. It was a most discouraging situation. One evening we discovered a large toad near our bog pond; evidently on a prospecting tour. One couldn't brag of his beauty; he was square as a brick with warts that could be best described as bumps. As a toad specimen he was the largest fellow we had ever seen.

After taking a seat on a rustic bridge we watched his movements. There was just enough daylight to observe his actions. He lumbered into our carnation bed and for five minutes he was motionless as a stone. We observed a cut-worm working at a carnation at the ground line. Suddenly, out shot the tongue of the toad with lightning rapidity and the juicy cutworm bade good-bye to earthly scenes. The toad moved along slowly until he came to another plant. Here, after patiently waiting until his victim worked into sight, he snapped up another pest.

We had tried in every possible way to learn what had been destroying our carnations. Almost as fast as we had transferred the small plants from the propagating boxes the pests cut them down. Mr. Toad had found the destroyers and before darkness had covered his movements, four cut-worms had passed the toad's throat. We did not lose a single carnation that night. Mr. Toad was snoozing contentedly, after a good night's work, next to a bit of rock-work. We placed two slabs of rock firmly against his resting-place which prevented the sun from reaching him. This was a cool, shady nook, which we have learned toads seek.

Next evening we looked long and hard before we located him. He was under a cucumber vine. For two years we had been unsuccessful with cucumbers. We had made up our minds to try raising them again this season.

It was with great satisfaction we saw the old fellow on the job.

Coming over a swampy place a few evenings later we found another good sized toad, which we brought home to keep our big fellow company. In order to encourage them to remain we built a small cement basin, two feet wide by three feet long. At the sides we transferred a few shady plants, set up a couple of slabs of rock, filled the basin, and a toads' rendezvous was completed. Before many days we had nine toads in this retreat. Where they came from has always been a mystery to us.

Our garden, which had been overrun with insects for two years, now became healthy and a source of satisfaction. Slug and bug exterminators were no longer purchased. The toads had attended to that part of the work.

One evening a neighbor accidentally killed one with his lawn mower. Here was our chance to prove how great a service the toad is. He had a ravenous appetite; that much we could judge by his bulging pouch. We soon had the contents of his stomach spread out on a board. Such an array of insects is seldom seen. There were cut-worms by the dozen, caterpillars, thousand-legged worms, beetles, cockroaches, sow-bugs, cabbage worms, cucumber beetles and moths; a snail and a slug an inch and a half long. All told, we counted 103 noxious insects besides flies and smaller bugs. That settled the question as to whether the toad is a friend to mankind. He certainly deserves our protection.

Talking to a professor, who was bugs on bugs, we learned that he had counted in the laboratory under the microscope, more than one thousand bugs and insects in the stomach of a toad. In one toad he found four hard-shelled snails, and from the condition of the shells it was evident that the acid stomach juices of the toad were quite sufficient to dissolve the shell.

We urge all readers to protect the toad. Encourage it to live in your garden by building a small bog pond. Arrange a few rocks or slabs and shady plants in such a manner as to have a shady and cool rendezvous on hot summer days. With such encouragement one can soon bid good-bye to insect troubles. Toads have a strong homing instinct. A gardener tells me of having had two in his garden for more than eight years.

A heavy tax has always been levied by pests, but the toad is now proving itself an efficient check to insect multiplication and ravage. By his good works may he be better known. In a Government pamphlet we read that one toad consumes in the summer time 3,360 insects within thirty days. We have our game laws and our bird laws. Hasten the day when we shall have protection for our friend—the toad.

Save your seeds and save the birds! Everyone can join in this. Melon seeds, cucumber, squash, sunflower seeds, cleaned and dried, make excellent food for the birds that stay with us during the winter. This is the season to stock up your winter visitor's larder.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



House Cat

SARAH LITSEY

*CURL your slow grace by the fire
Blinking dull eyes at desire;
Hide the needling, half-moon claws
In the velvet of your paws;
Twitch your whiskers, smooth your fur,
Make no sound above a purr.
We have tamed you to our world.
Neer show your lip upcurled!*

*Daylight leaves you coddled, sated,
Thoroughly domesticated,
But the dark will strike your blood
Like a hammer. Fire and food
Be forgotten. Amber eyes,
Lashing tail and tightened thighs,
You will stalk the shadows, prowling—
Raise your voice to eerie howling—
Wail the jungle's mad delight
Through the loneliness of night.*

Do You Know Your Cat?

The teeth of a cat, when adult, should be thirty in number.

The cat's whiskers are simply hairs of great size, the bulbs of which are well furnished with blood vessels and nerves.

The claws of a cat should be five to each forepaw, and four to each hind paw.

There are seven bones to a cat's neck.

There are thirteen vertebrae which have the ribs attached to them in a cat's back.

The longest bone in a cat's skeleton is the tibia, or shinbone.

A cat's stomach is pear-shaped.

A cat's liver is the largest gland in its body.

A kitten's lungs are exceedingly small when born, but, as soon as the first respiration takes place, they rapidly increase in size and weight, from a granular substance into a light, spongy texture.

A cat's heart is a thick, muscular hollow organ divided into four chambers or cavities.

A cat's blood consists of 75% water, 12% to 14% albuminoid substance (termed haemoglobin), the balance consisting of albumen, protein and salts.

—The Cat Courier

The teaching of humaneness, kindness to every living creature, when made a part of the regular training of all children of school age, furnishes a foundation for justice, fairness, and pity for all life, both human and animal.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

The Useful Mule

G. HOWARD LAW

OF all the valuable services rendered to man by the mule, perhaps the most useful is that which this hardy animal renders the coffee planter. On the fertile hillsides of Central and South America, particularly in Brazil, vast quantities of coffee are grown and exported each year. Here, amid the inspiring solitude of the great outdoors, where immense tracts of primeval tropical jungle have been cleared and planted, are the plantations which provide us with that most delectable beverage, coffee.

When the purplish, cherry-like berries are being gathered from the evergreen shrubs during harvest, they are put into bags, and conveyed by mules along the narrow, winding paths of the plantations to the mill. After undergoing the necessary hulling, drying and classifying operations, the coffee beans are then packed into bags ready for transportation to the coast, or to the nearest point of dispatch.

This is where the utility of the mule again makes itself evident; for the narrow trails leading from the hillsides to the lowlands are rough and broken, making it essential for these agile and sure-footed animals to be employed as carriers. A dozen or so mules, in charge of one or two natives, will take the trail at a time. This is known as a pack-train.

Each with its load carefully secured to its back, the willing animals make their way along the jungle-bordered trails, where immense butterflies of gorgeous hues flit slowly along in the brilliant sunshine, and where the harsh-voiced macaws utter their discordant cries all day long. In many places, sparkling mountain streams, tumbling in silvery cascades over boulder-strewn beds, must be forded; but the sagacious animals, carefully picking their way among the stones and rocks, make light of such obstacles.

*Altogether, the lot of these animals is a happy one; for after the day's work the animals are turned into pleasant green pastures timbered by shady trees, where, amid the perfect hill climate of tropical America, they thrive and appear to enjoy the best of health.

Thus, the aid furnished the planter by these animals is great and so, when next enjoying our morning coffee, we might well give a thought to the humble mule, and reflect upon



PACK-TRAIN ON TRAIL FROM PLANTATION TO COAST

the fact that it has contributed a goodly share to the task of bringing this delicious drink to our breakfast table.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: We are glad to know that there is one place where these usually overworked and abused animals are really happy.

Kindness and Efficiency

GARLAND D. FRONABARGER

ONE'S best effort, resulting in his greatest accomplishment, is given to a cause when his whole soul is thrilled with a love for that cause. This is universally true among men. The application of the same truth to the animal kingdom was likewise made definitely clear to me a few days ago while visiting a small, but prosperous mid-Western farm.

I had walked several hundred yards' distance with my farmer friend as he followed the plow between rows of growing corn.

"Your behavior in the corn field is very unusual," I told him.

"And how?" he queried.

"You did not speak to that mule a single time in all of the time the trip across the field consumed."

"The reason I can do this is because of a very simple method of handling my teams, which I have practised through the years," he ventured to explain.

"Jack" and I are partners in this work. We get along as well as partners could. I am kind to Jack; I feed him well, never worry him, and I really believe he appreciates my attitude. Instead of yelling at him and jerking the reins when he makes a slight mistake while working, I kindly correct him with a slight tug on the rein or a calmly-spoken command, and the result is that Jack has come to realize that the less trouble he makes, the quicker and easier is his task accomplished.

"Jack gives me his best. I believe he does as much work as any of my neighbors' mules, and I am sure that he is always in better condition than most mules. Sometimes, I believe Jack does more work than the ordinary mule. Efficiency is promoted by proper care of the animal."

Jack possessed a dark, sleek coat, which appeared never to have been subjected to harness. His master saw to it that the harness fitted properly and that he was not given a task to do that could not reasonably be expected of any ordinary mule. It has heretofore been well established that animals respond to treatment given them by considerate persons. Everyone has heard of balky mules. Instantly this recollection pictures for us a farmer or any teamster using a rod to persuade a mule to leave his seemingly fixed place in the middle of a road.

The more effective and certainly the more humane method is the use of patience and constant kind treatment. Animals treated in this manner are less prone to become balky and accomplish their tasks, manifesting all the while a wholesome energy.

I believe that kind treatment has progressed beyond the stage of mere theorizing; it has become a definite psychological principle that leads response from the emotions, whether that response is awakened in the breast of man or beast. The entire truth of the matter is summed up in a statement from my farmer friend, which he made in the face of many years' experience in dealing with animals: "You get from an animal in work and willingness to put forth an effort just what you have first given it in kindness and careful consideration for its needs."

Courageous Oriole

WILLIAM R. MOSES

ABOUT ten feet from the ground, in a small water maple growing in the front yard of my home in Knoxville, Tennessee, an orchard oriole nested. In a surprisingly short time after the nest was begun, it seemed, it was completed, and eggs had been laid and hatched.

All one sultry afternoon a storm brewed; sullen clouds hung low in the northwest, and, about seven in the evening, began to rise. Shortly before eight the storm broke in all its fury. Shrieking wind stripped leaves and twigs from trees; the ground was littered with branches; and some large trees were blown down. For nearly two hours driving, beating rain, accompanied by some hail, poured down incessantly.

When the storm was over, at about ten o'clock, I investigated the nest. The storm had partially blown down its tree. The stem, toughened by many high winds, had not snapped, and the roots had held, but the soil, softened by other rains, had given, as the tree was beaten about by the wind, so that the top now almost brushed the ground, and the oriole's nest, which had been approximately ten feet in the air, was not more than four feet from the ground.

Seeing this, I first, with a flash-light, looked about on the ground near the tree for dead birds, thinking it impossible that they could have escaped being thrown out of the nest and drowned.

I was mistaken. Upon turning the light on the precariously tilted home, I saw there the mother bird, squatting desperately, but safely, upon her babies, and blinking uneasily at the flash-light, held less than two feet away! I hastily withdrew, lest I should frighten the mother from the nest she had guarded so courageously.

During the night there came more wind and rain. In the morning, however, the nest, the mother, and the babies were revealed safe and sound. The young birds, glimpsed for a moment while their dam was off the nest, seemed well and happy.

I straightened up the tree, and the mother oriole at once returned to the nest in its original position. During that wild night she showed courage which, I believe, I have never seen equaled.

The oriole's nest, in the process of construction, was a thing of great beauty. As it was woven of green grass, it was at first difficult to distinguish it from the surrounding leaves. When the frame was complete, it resembled nothing so much as a little open-work, crocheted basket.

The orchard oriole is neither so large nor so gaudy as the Baltimore oriole, nor does it build quite such a deep and fancy nest. It is, nevertheless, a beautiful bird, the male predominately dark chestnut and black; the female olive and yellow.

In the building of the nest in question, the male loafed on the job. Not once was he observed with a straw in his beak; seldom was he even seen. The female did the nest building alone, bringing, apparently, but one piece of grass at a time, yet working so persistently and flying to and fro so rapidly that the nest was completed in a few days.

She found her own food while sitting on her eggs, and fed her young alone. Since orioles are insectivorous, she must certainly have done a great amount of good about the yard and garden while rearing her brood.

The Bank Swallow

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the author

BANK swallows like purple martins are fond of company. Not only do they congregate in large flocks late in the summer, but they often nest in large colonies.

These little swallows are excavators, digging holes or tunnels in sand banks. Often a bank is to be seen that is completely riddled with holes, large numbers of bank swallows nesting in the holes. The holes range from two to four feet in depth or length and run horizontally into the bank. Rounded chambers are made at the ends of the tunnels in which the nests are built. The nests are made of grass, a little straw perhaps and feathers. The eggs are pure-white in color, each nest holding from five to seven of them.

ants; and a few insects of similar kinds. Most of these are either injurious or annoying, and the numbers destroyed by swallows are not only beyond calculation but almost beyond imagination."

Eight years ago, I ran across a colony of bank swallows that nested in a large sand bank eight or ten miles to the north. Something like one hundred pairs of bank swallows were then nesting in the bank. The birds were continually flying out of and into the holes. Scores of the birds were flying over a neighboring pond catching insects, no doubt for their young. The birds did not linger in the entrances to their homes, but went directly to their nests, or took to their wings as soon as



APARTMENT HOUSE OF A COLONY OF BANK SWALLOWS

The bank swallow is the smallest of our swallows, being but little over five inches in length. They have long wings for their size, consequently look larger than they really are. They are brownish gray in color above with pure-white throats and wide brownish-gray bands across their breasts. Their white throats and the bands across their breasts make excellent field marks for identifying them.

Swallows spend a great deal of their time flying about in search of food. Bank swallows fly easily and gracefully about over ponds, streams, marshes, fields, meadows and pastures, especially if these are near the banks in which they nest. They secure practically all their food when flying, catching winged pests of many kinds in mid-air or picking them from the tops of tall weeds, grass and bushes as they fly over them. "Field observation," writes F. E. L. Beal, "convinces an ordinarily attentive person that the food of swallows must consist of the smaller insects captured in mid-air or picked from the tops of tall grass or weeds. This observation is borne out by an examination of stomachs, which shows that the food is made up of many small species of beetles which are much on the wing; many species of mosquitoes and their allies, together with large quantities of flying

they reached the outer ends of the tunnels when outward bound. Out and in went the birds, twittering meanwhile in true swallow fashion.

Three years ago, I discovered a bank swallow's nest in a steep bank beside a road, a mile to the east. The bank had caved away a few days earlier, leaving the nest in plain sight from the road. I advanced quietly to the nest and saw what I supposed to be a young bird sitting in the nest. I picked it up and was surprised to see that the nest held five white eggs. Then the truth dawned on me. The bird I held in my hand was an adult bank swallow. I released the bird, when with a twitter or two it flew off, joining its mate on a nearby telephone wire.

Nightingale

He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps so securely, should hear, as I have very often heard, the clear air, the sweet descant, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: "Lord! what music hast thou provided for saints in heaven, when thou affordest had men such music on earth."

IZAACK WALTON

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and forty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported in September, nearly all being in schools. Of these 118 were in Virginia; 12 in Rhode Island; six in Washington; three in Massachusetts; two in the Philippine Islands and one in Pennsylvania.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 168,609

Do You Need New Material?

Miss Bessie Bickers, secretary of Hall County Humane Society, Gainesville, Georgia, writes that she wishes to exchange with other Junior Humane Societies such material as poems, stories, dialogues, plays and songs, suitable for children between the ages of five and ten. She will be pleased to hear from any who may be interested.

Several of the members of the Band of Mercy in Maywood, N. J., which has been active for ten years, have been so helpful to the Bergen County S. P. C. A. that they have been given regular employment by the Society. Two are authorized agents, two are in the office, and others are active assistants.

Bands of Mercy are implanting and fostering in the minds of the young the great principles of justice, fair play, and kindness towards every form of life, human and sub-human.

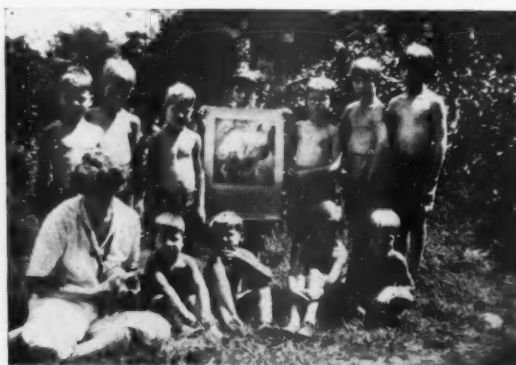
A Band of Mercy in Camp

EVERY day at Heathland Camps, Crescent Lake, Maine, last summer before rest time an eager little band gathered around Dr. Marjorie M. Johnson at the Bluebird cabin. All were decorated with their Band of Mercy buttons, and the meeting opened with the pledge, which is the spirit of all little Heathlanders. All day shouts of "Be careful of the little inch worm." "How would you like to be a little daddy-long-legs, and have a great big thing step on you?" "Pick it up, George," could be heard from the woods and fields. They all had some little deed of kindness to report.

Then came a story, sometimes from the little book, "Friends and Helpers," other times an original object lesson. The meetings ended with a verse and a little prayer:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

At the end of camp a prize was awarded to the child who earned the highest number of points at the daily meetings.



DR. MARJORIE JOHNSON AND A GROUP OF THE BAND OF MERCY AT HEATHLAND CAMPS

A Man, a Dog, and a Boy

HARRY TURNER MARTIN

THIS is a simple story of a man's heartlessness, a boy's kindness and a dog's devotion. Every line of it is true.

"Terry," the dog, and Johnnie Burkhardt, the boy, have the leading roles in our little drama. The man shall be nameless, for the purposes of our story. Anyway, he is incidental.

When Terry was just a little puppy the man bought him for a song, and took him home for the children to play with. Terry has no pedigree. He is pure white, with a black nose and short, benched legs. If it were not for the shape of his head and generous length of his tail, he might be called a bulldog. As it is, he must be designated as just plain dog.

Terry became fond of the children. They were his pals. He would romp with them all day long. And when he grew up he guarded them as carefully and faithfully as if they were his very own possessions. If necessary, he probably would have died for them.

One day the man decided to move to another city. Of course the children expected to take Terry with them to their new home. But the man had a different plan. It would be difficult to move Terry, he said, and besides, he was tired feeding him. The children protested, then wept, but the man was obdurate. They moved—and Terry was left behind.

The dog couldn't understand where his loved ones had gone, or why they failed to come back. For three long weeks he waited, waited, often scratching at the locked door of the vacant house. He grew lean and disconsolate. He was nearly starved.

The children had left some worn-out dolls in the yard. Terry finally took his place beside these, nosing them tenderly. He refused to let the neighbors come near the once treasured playthings of his little friends. They were all he had to remind him of his former playmates and the happy past. There was a trustful look in his brown eyes that seemed to say: "Surely they are coming back. Undoubtedly they will return to their dolls and their dog. Oh, yes, they will find me waiting for them here, guarding their little dolls." But they never came.

When kind-hearted neighbors offered Terry food, he partook of it sparingly and hurriedly resumed his lonely vigil beside the dolls. And then one morning along came Johnnie Burkhardt, ten years old, whistling cheerily, as school-boys will.

Johnnie had wanted a dog for some time



"THEY'LL COME HOME," THOUGHT
TERRY, "IF I ONLY WAIT."
BUT THEY NEVER DID

and had asked the Humane Society to find him one. When the humane officers heard about Terry, Johnnie had been notified. Recently he had lost another dog in an automobile accident, so he and Terry had much in common. Both were mourning for something they had loved and lost.

Johnnie walked up to Terry and stroked the dog's head. They looked into each other's eyes and Johnnie smiled. Whereupon Terry did a thing he had not done for weeks—he wagged his tail. And with that smile and tail-wag it was all settled. They were friends. "Come along, old boy," beamed Johnnie, "and forget your troubles. You're going home with me."

Terry cast one long, lingering look at the broken dolls—the one thing that linked him to the past. He caressed them for the last time with his cold nose. Then he arose and trudged obediently behind the boy to a new home and a new life.

What is that invisible something between a boy and a dog that draws them so quickly and closely together? Whence springs the mutual trust, fidelity and devotion? No matter. Suffice to say that it exists and will continue to exist as long as there are boys and dogs in this old world of ours. Terry is happy again—oh, so happy! A fine new collar adorns his neck, his dog license is paid, and he and his new master are inseparable.

Perhaps at times Terry's thoughts run back to the children who were once his playmates and to the dolls they left behind. Perchance in his dreams he lives the old life over again, for it was really a happy life until they went away. And probably his honest heart contains no trace of resentment toward the man who deserted him. Dogs, you know, are so ready to forgive.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Woodland Magic

ALFRED I. TOOKE in *Boyland*

OH, put your magic slippers on, and don your magic cloak,
And come along with me to call upon the woodland folk;
We'll visit with the hummingbird, and peep into its nest,
And view its tiny eggs, like pearls within a treasure chest.

For us the woodland people on the Pipes of Pan will play;
The golden-throated oriole will sing a roundelay
To mingle with the murmur of the zephyr as it weaves
The ripple of the river with the laughter of the leaves.

We'll see the truant sunbeams from a leaf-enshrouded sky
Flash into living silver where the trout are leaping high,
Or make a jeweled rainbow in the water's pearly spray;
We'll peep into the caverns where the shadows are at play.

We'll hear the plash of beaver in the cypress-lined lagoon,
The tinkle of the waterfall, the laughter of the loon:
We'll see the festive blue jays with their iridescent sheen
At play amidst the flower-bejeweled tapestries of green.

The mockingbird is calling as it swings upon the oak,
So put your magic slippers on, and don your magic cloak,
And come with me and wander through the woodland's leafy
dells.

Where woodland folks are calling, and the woodland magic dwells.

Seals in the British Isles

ANNIE STORR

PROBABLY most of us have no more intimate acquaintance with those beautiful creatures, the seals, than seeing them now and then at the zoo. Of course many know what warm and handsome coats are made from their fur. The sad thing is that very few people are aware that seal-skins, and indeed, the fur of many other beautiful creatures, is obtained with great cruelty. Once we can get people to think about this evil we shall be on the high road to doing away with it, for no right thinking person would feel happy in wearing clothes obtained by a needlessly cruel process.

From the earliest dawn of history humans have worn the skins of animals as clothing. The ancient Britons, as we all know, clad themselves in the skins of the wild beasts which abounded in their island.

Centuries ago when the river Thames was a pure clear stream it contained salmon and other fishes, and very likely seals pursued these with the tides. We know that seal flesh figured in Anglo-Saxon banquets. Occasionally some have been seen off the Isle of Wight, but it is a long time since they frequented these shores regularly. The river is too polluted for them now. In South Wales they are to be seen, and in the Solway Firth. They are more plentiful in Ireland, though not to the extent of former years. They are abundant in the Shetland and Orkney Islands and are hunted there. The large seals yield a valuable oil. Seals have beautiful, large, expressive eyes, and they glide about with most graceful movements. They can live in water or on land, but they do not move about so easily on land. The Eskimo and Greenlanders use seal oil for their lamps. They depend upon it for light, and they use the flesh for food as well as the skin for clothing. The most valuable fur is a sort of down which is

underneath the long hairs. It is for this the poor seal is hunted so ruthlessly that the species is in danger of getting scarce.

We can all tell our friends about these things, and so by making the evil widely known we shall hasten the time when stricter laws shall be made to protect the seal and other beautiful creatures. Let us never forget that this is *our work*, and during the cold winter days when furs are worn we may influence those who mean well, perhaps, but do not stop just to think a little.

Animals are like the rest of us in the great needs of their lives to make them comfortable and happy—food, drink, shelter, work, rest, play, to be free from pain and fear and, for the vast majority of animals, light, air and liberty, company and love. Speak kindly to animals as well as to people. The ears of most animals are sensitive; harsh words or sounds confuse and frighten them.



The Blue Rock Pigeons of Venice

FLORENCE L. CLARK

PERHAPS by rights it ought to be a water bird that Venetians cherish as the special pet of their city in the sea, but it isn't. The bird of Venice is the blue rock pigeon. The city is full of them. Their special haunt is St. Mark's Square. Here there are always hundreds of them, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the city officially feeds them, they fly in from all parts of the city by the thousand.

The tourist in Venice has not done the usual thing unless he spends a little time feeding the pigeons on St. Mark's Square. They are so tame they light on your head and shoulders and eat out of your hand, sometimes three and four at a time.

The story is that when centuries ago the army of the Republic of Venice caused the downfall of Constantinople, it was a blue rock pigeon which brought the glad news of victory to the Venetians. Whether the tradition be true or not, the blue rock pigeon has found for many generations a safe and happy home there.

To Kill

Translated from the Swedish of Hjalmar Söderberg by
JOHANNA R. M. LYBACK

IT is written: Thou shalt not kill.

We all know, it is true, that it is often necessary to kill, but in spite of this there is, perhaps, some truth in the old word. Notwithstanding the layer of dust, in which the unceasing warfare of life has shrouded my conscience, it still happens that I shudder when I recall some of the murders I have committed. I do not remember them all. Some were inevitable, and I do not repent of those.

But among those I have killed out of wickedness or thoughtlessness, I remember first and foremost a little bird, a spider, and a fox.

Nearly all children are naughty. When I was a child I associated for some time with a boy who was more so than I. He taught me to shoot with a sling. When summer vacation came we went to the woods every day with our slings. And we could not bear to see a little bird, twittering on a branch, without putting stones in our slings and shooting at him. But we hardly ever struck one. Birds, like all other animals, have learned to be on their guard against human beings, and we hardly had time to take aim before the bird would disappear, looking like a dot against the blue. These constant failures made us so angry that we came to feel it a matter of honor for us to kill a little bird, no matter how it was done.

Then one day it happened—and it was not in the woods, but in a corner of the garden belonging to our country home—that we discovered a little fledgling in a bush. He had not yet learned to fly, but was only able to hop from twig to twig. Without a moment's hesitation we stole as near as possible and fired our slingshots. The fledgling fell to the ground, but he was not quite dead. He lay in the grass with wide open bill, and his little tongue kept moving. The eyes, also, were alive. We stood undecided, our faces red with shame, and looked at each other. What were we to do? Had we better kill him? And after that, what were we to do with a little dead bird?

"He will soon die of himself," said my companion.

"Yes," I replied, "he cannot live long."

We felt that neither of us would dare to touch him. We stole away without looking at each other, and we never played in that corner of the garden again.

Why did I kill the spider? It was not wickedness, it was an impulse, because he frightened me.

It happened in Hamburg. I was sitting alone in a hotel room, reading a book. The electric light fell, white and cold, over the white pages of my book. I had turned on all the lights in the room. It was very quiet, the only sound being the ticking of the clock on the fireplace, and the rustling of the leaves I turned. It was a foggy autumn evening. All the unwholesome fumes of the city pene-

trated to my room and poisoned my temper.

All at once I felt something touch my hand. It was a gigantic spider, hairy and fat, crawling over my hand down into the book I was reading. When he saw me watch him he began to run. I sprang from the chair and threw the book far away, pale with horror. But the spider had already made his way down one of my legs to the floor. He rolled, like a ball of thread, across the floor, as fast as if he had been pursued by fire. I felt that I must kill him in self-defence. I took the book from the floor, hurled it at the spider, and crushed him.

Is there not an old superstition that forbids killing a spider? I dared not touch the book. I have never read it since.

I must see some human being. I went to the door and rang for the waiter. When he came I looked at him in astonishment, until I collected my thoughts enough to improvise, "Get me something to drink."

The fox I killed because I had a gun in my hands when I met him. It seemed self-evident that I ought to kill a fox, if I met him in the woods and had a gun in my hands.

It was winter. Snow fell every day, and every day I walked in the woods with a worthless old gun and a black poodle, named "Gustav." I did not hunt. Sometimes I took aim at a pine cone for my own amusement, and to please Gustav, who jumped and barked with joy at every report. He was not afraid, for he had not yet learned that a gun is a murderous weapon.

One day, at dusk, I met a little fox. He had been down in the village on business, and was on the way home, with a speckled hen in his mouth. I stood concealed behind a juniper bush, and he ran close by without seeing me. I took aim and fired. Why? It is the custom.

The fox ran a few steps farther, as if nothing had happened. Then he stopped suddenly, as if astonished, and dropped the hen. And with a faint, dismal moan, he stretched out on the snow and died. Gustav, the black poodle, who was still almost a puppy, rushed forward in wild joy and with his merriest bark, and snapped playfully at one of the fox's ears. But the next moment he realized that the strange animal was dead. An indescribable expression of shyness and confusion crept into his bright black eyes. At last he crept close to me, with drooping tail, and whined softly.

I let the fox lay and went home, for I felt cold. The next day I walked the same path, which was my favorite route. I went along, whistling softly, and no longer thought of what had happened the day before. All at once I started and stood still. On the ground, at my feet, lay a dead fox. The crows had pecked at the upturned eye.

I stood looking a moment at the fox, and listening to the sound of two branches being rubbed against each other by the wind.

"A live fox is prettier than a dead one," I said to myself.

And after that I sought other paths.

ANNUAL FAIR

Benefit of
**ANGELL
ANIMAL HOSPITAL**

of the
MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Thursday, November 15

10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

cri-
ts,
on
and
of
eed
nu-
the

ad-
ent
G.
of
to
ent
the

may
for
the
the
tely

this
ther
hlet

h by
n of
ood,
nus.

f the
pond
ntitle
es.

ETY

\$5 00
1 00
1 00
r, the
imals
ersons

RT A.
on.
, 180